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F. H. 1826

P O E M S.

J. Dennett,
Leather Lane, London.

POEMS;

PRINCIPALLY

ON SACRED SUBJECTS.

BY THE

REV. ROBERT BROWN,

MINISTER OF ST. MATTHEW'S, DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

"If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

BRATTIE'S MINSTREL.

PUBLISHED BY JAMES NISBET,

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M.DCCC.XXVI.

103.

1601

OF THE HISTORY OF THE



1601

OF THE HISTORY OF THE

TO THE
REVEREND HUGH STOWELL,

RECTOR OF BALLAUGH, IN THE ISLE OF MAN,

A CLERGYMAN

TO WHOSE CHRISTIAN COUNSEL, EDIFYING EXAMPLE, AND

INESTIMABLE MEMOIRS OF BISHOP WILSON,

THE AUTHOR OF THIS VOLUME IS,

IN COMMON WITH MANY OTHERS,

VERY DEEPLY INDEBTED,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE MOST GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND

AND KINSMAN

R. BROWN.

PREFACE.



THE following Poems, with a few exceptions, were composed with no other end in view than the amusement of the author; but having been perused, both in England and his native Isle, by persons for whose piety and talent he entertains the highest respect, and having been represented by them as calculated, if published, to serve the cause of religion, he has ventured, notwithstanding their manifold blemishes, of which he is far from being insensible, to commit them to the press. He earnestly implores the Author of all good to accompany them with his blessing; and should they only prove conducive to the spiritual well-being of any who may honour them with a perusal, he

will cheerfully endure the severest animadversion
with which their want of poetical merit may occasion criticism to assail them.

DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN,
FEBRUARY 1826.

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P O E M S.



I S R A E L.



*Tandem surge pater, tecta Sionia
Jam lenis placido respice lumine;
Jam pleno redeunt tempora circulo,
Promissumque ferunt diem.*

BUCHANAN.



WHEN from yon lofty peak, where olives wave
Their verdant boughs o'er many an ancient grave,
The Hebrew glances on the scene below; ^{1 2}
Well may he sigh, and well his tears may flow.
Where, Salem! are the walls that erst withstood
Rome's dreaded arms, as rocks the rushing flood?
Where is the temple which in ancient days
So oft resounded with Jehovah's praise?
Where are thy ramparts, where thy temple now?
Gone, like the leaflet from the naked bough,

When Winter's winds pervade the turbid air,
 Curl the roused wave, and lay the forest bare;
 Gone, like the purple from the western sky,
 When the gay hours of day have glided by,
 And, heralded by Evening's lonely star,
 Stern Night advances in her sable car.

“ His blood on us and on our children be !”
 How soon were they, who thus exclaimed, to see
 The horrid prayer fulfilled ! how soon did foes,
 Fierce as the billows which the tempest throws
 Athwart the echoing shore, their walls surround,
 And lay their city even with the ground !
 Though for a while those mighty walls impede,
 At length the efforts of the foe succeed ;
 The hostile fires with fearful speed extend,
 Their loftiest buildings, wrapped in flame, descend ;
 Their blood in many a crimson torrent streams,
 The scene on every side with carnage teems,
 While o'er the prostrate fane the eagle standard gleams.

Still, since that bloody, that eventful day,
When Salem yielded to the Roman sway,
The hapless Hebrew has beheld the soil,
Where once his sires enjoyed Jehovah's smile,
And where their honored ashes still repose,
The home of Gentiles and the spoil of foes.
In vain does Rome's blaspheming chief employ
Means to defeat the counsels of the sky;³
In vain the scattered nation he recalls,
And strives to raise yon city's prostrate walls.
Scarce have the builders to their task applied,
When, like the angry ocean's ruffled tide,
The earth in many a fearful opening rends,
And lurid flame from every gulph ascends.
The sight appals the boldest of the band,
The vain utensil drops from every hand ;
Each, mute and pale with horror and surprise,
Gazes upon the scene, then trembling flies :
Thus the stunned hind beholds the lion's lair,
Thus flies the lone and gloomy thicket, where

The monster crouched, mid many a flood of gore,
 Shakes the tall forest with his dismal roar.
 Unhappy nation, exiled from your home,
 Dispersed, and doomed o'er gentile realms to roam,
 Frowned on by Heaven, detested by mankind,
 Ye seek for rest, but rest ye no where find.
 Like the tired bird which from the ark was driven,
 When Ocean, to avenge insulted Heaven,
 O'erleaped his ancient boundaries, and hurled
 His foaming billows on a sinful world ;
 Like the tired bird which travelled then in quest
 Of some emerging ground, some place of rest,
 Along the bosom of the lonely main,
 But wandered o'er the dreary wave in vain ;
 Like her ye roam, but not like her return ;
 She sought the ark, while ye the Saviour spurn.
 Oh cease at length, deluded race, to stray
 From Him whom heaven's unnumbered hosts obey,
 Messiah, Shiloh, Him so oft of old
 Promised by Heaven, by prescient bards foretold.

Such Jesus was—in Him the powers of hell
 Confessed the presence of Immanuel ;
 A single mandate from his lips assigned
 Speech to the dumb and vision to the blind,
 Hushed the shrill blast, appeased the foaming wave,
 And roused to life the tenants of the grave.
 His birth was greeted by an angel host ;
 And when at length he yielded up the ghost,
 The veil that graced the temple rent in twain,
 The firm earth trembled like the restless main,
 The rocks were cleft, and from their deep repose,
 Through bursting tombs, the startled dead arose ;
 The mid-day sun withdrew his radiant light,
 And noon was mantled with the shroud of night.
 In Him what matchless virtues were combined !
 How meek, how lowly, how devout his mind !
 Methinks I see him (day's retiring light
 Tinging no more with gold that western height)
 Yon lonely mountain's lofty verge ascend,
 Night's silent hours in secret prayer to spend.

Mid waving groves the gale of evening sighs,
The wearied peasant to his cabin hies,
Amid the gloom the distant hill displays
The crimson watch-fire's far-extending blaze ;
The night rolls on, and man to rest retires,
Midnight is past, the beacon flame expires ;
In vain the chilling blast around him blows,
In vain his wearied limbs demand repose,
His prayer no period, no suspension knows,
But still continues to ascend on high,
Till morning's bloom adorns the eastern sky.
In Him what kindness, what compassion dwelt !
For all who mourned how tenderly he felt ?
While on the ignominious cross he dies,
While savage crowds his dying pangs despise,
And rend with many a joyous shout the air,
Hark ! how he prays, how merciful his prayer ;
'Tis not a cry of vengeance from above ;
No ! but the tender suit of pitying love,

Which from his faltering tongue ascends to heaven;
 He prays, he pleads, that all may be forgiven.

Think of the holiness, the peace, the joy
 Attained by those who with his word comply;
 How happy do they live, and how triumphant die.
 Approach that chamber, and behold the man
 Extended on yon couch, whose visage wan,
 Whose faltering accents and fast-failing eye
 Bespeak so plainly his departure nigh.
 That man was once to vilest sins enslaved,
 Than his no mind more guilty, more depraved :
 Sin's woe-fraught path full many a year he trod,
 But paused at length, and called upon his God,
 Mercy through Jesus sought, on Him relied,
 Ceased to despond, repose of mind enjoyed ;
 His sins forsook, lamented, and abhorred,
 And copied more and more his spotless Lord.
 But suffering is the doom of all below ;
 The holiest find this world a world of woe :

Though now no longer sin's deluded slave,
Still did affliction's storms around him rave—
Yes ! and the more his s  ul became prepared
For those eternal joys with angels shared
In the bright realms of everlasting rest,
The more did earthly woes his path infest.
Thus travellers, when departing from the plain,
The lofty mountain's distant verge to gain,
The farther heavenward they have journeyed, find
The mist more dark, more bleak and loud the wind.
But though by still augmenting woes assailed,
Still in his soul profoundest calm prevailed ;
Nor does that calm in this dread season cease,
Even now his mind enjoys celestial peace.
Though in his face a gloom at times appears,
When gazing on the fast-descending tears
By yonder lone and helpless orphan shed,
Who long has watched and wept beside his bed,
As fleeting does it prove, as soon subside,
As the slight tremor of the chrystal tide,

When some soft transient wind has chanced to sweep
 The placid bosom of the waveless deep ;
 And now his conflict with the foe is done,
 The night of death has veiled life's setting sun.
 Behold that countenance——You see not there
 The look of anguish, horror, or despair ;
 Ah no ! the joy with which the spirit fled
 Illumines still the features of the dead :
 Thus does the western margin of the sky
 Still with its golden tints enchant the eye,
 Although the sun may have withdrawn his ray,
 And twilight zephyrs chant the dirge of vanished day.
 While they who trust in Jesus are forgiven,
 Rejoice on earth, and reign at length in heaven,
 Eternal death will be the doom of those
 Who scorn his mercy and remain his foes.
 A day will yet arrive, when every eye
 Shall see him come with glory from on high,
 And when, obedient to his dread command,
 All Adam's offspring at his bar shall stand.

Methinks I hear the warning trumpet blown,
And see, awakened by its startling tone,
The countless generations of the dead
Arising from their still and lonely bed.
The earth resounds with many a piercing wail,
It trembles like the leaflet in the gale,
Gigantic waves on ocean's bosom roll,
And midnight darkness reigns from pole to pole :
The sun's resplendent disk retires from view,
The shrouded moon displays a crimson hue,
The stars descend from heaven, each shining world
That glittered o'er the azure concave, hurled
Far from the post assigned to it on high,
Strays like a comet through the boundless sky.
At length the long-continued midnight ends,
Mysterious light athwart the earth descends,
And soon mankind, o'erwhelmed with joy or fear,
See, throned in clouds, the Son of God appear.
Countless as waves upon the heaving main,
Around him stand the whole celestial train;

The brightest seraphim before Him bow,
 All, all adore him ; oh ! how altered now
 Is He whom yonder radiant hosts obey,
 From Him who in the cheerless manger lay ;
 How altered now from Him who, when oppressed
 With long-continued toil, no home possessed,
 Beneath whose shelter he might lay his head,
 The stone his pillow, and the heath his bed !
 How altered now from Him whom ruffians bound,
 Whose head with thorns deriding soldiers crowned !
 From Him whom friends abandoned or denied,
 Who on the cross bled, fainted, groaned, and died !
 At length the sinful world receives its doom,
 Surrounding flames the mighty orb consume,
 Mankind arise the heavenly Judge to meet,
 And all appear before His judgment-seat ;
 His sentence is pronounced, his saints ascend
 To shine on high with angel hosts to blend
 While all beside, with shrieks, reluctant, go
 To dwell with demons in eternal woe.

Him, wretched nation ! Him revile no more,
Whom angels praise, whom seraphim adore ;
His claims no more with impious scorn deride,
Call on his name, and in His cross confide ;
His worth in songs of grateful praise display,
Imbibe His spirit, all His laws obey ;
Soon shall your Father's realms, so long implored
With vain though earnest prayer, be then restored,
Judea soon, from Moslem fetters freed,
Shall be the home of Jacob's exiled seed.
Then Salem shall no more a ruin lie,
Her prostrate towers again shall pierce the sky,
Again her temple shall arise, and shine
Like gold emerging from the gloomy mine.
No hostile force shall then invade the land,
Or that resistless, that almighty hand
Which shielded when Assyria's millions fell,
Will be once more the shield of Israel.
How unavailing proved that countless host !
How vain their daring chief's insulting boast !

Scarce has Judea's prayer been heard on high,
When lo ! an angel leaves the lofty sky,
Darts like a meteor through the gloom of night,
And wings to Salem's walls his rapid flight.
The startled warriors view the heavenly form,
As seamen, struggling with the midnight storm,
Gaze on the rock by lightning's gleam descried,
Towering before them from the foaming tide.
Soon the dread task is done, the blow is given,
The seraph spreads his plumes, and soars to heaven ;
Retiring night withdraws her sable shroud,
And morning's purple stains the eastern cloud,
The Hebrew watch beholds the camp, but sees
No banner floating in the morning breeze ;
Amazed he stands—he listens, not a sound
Disturbs the stillness of the scene around ;
Stretched on the earth the stern invaders lie,
Pale every visage, vacant every eye ;
Not one survives of all the mighty train
To shed the tear of sorrow o'er the slain.

The happy region, by no war oppressed,
 No more enslaved, with peace, with freedom blessed,
 Shall yield as erst her corn and wine and oil,
 Nor shall one barren spot deform her soil.
 Where now the winds mid dreary brambles sigh,
 Harvests shall wave, or flowers enchant the eye;
 Around the naked rock the teeming vine
 Its cluster-spangled ringlets shall entwine;
 Palms shall arise, where traveller can discern
 Nought but the gloomy heath or sterile fern;
 The olive flourish where the thistle grows,
 The rudest wild shall blossom as the rose.
 Oh! how unlike Judea's people then,
 To those misguided, those ferocious men,
 Who, by the wild harangues of bigots swayed,
 Flocked from all Europe to the fierce crusade!
 Methinks I hear the raving Pontiff's strain,⁴
 And loud as murmurs from the troubled main,
 The shouts of men, by hellish frenzy driven,
 To call their barbarous war the will of heaven.

The host advances swiftly as the sail
Scours the wild wave before the boisterous gale,
Or as the hawk, when from his cliff he spies
A lark above the verdant valley rise,
Sprints from the crag, and rushes on the prize.
The savage multitude are daily joined
By men the most abandoned of mankind ;
By fiend-like myriads swelled, the furious throng
Is still enlarging as it moves along :
Thus when the bursting clouds of winter pour
On the drenched earth the long-descending shower,
The river with a broader bosom flows,
Wider and wider still the current grows,
Till far beyond its channel it expands,
Hurls its brown wave athwart the neighbouring lands,
Bursts every mound, fills thousands with dismay,
Tears up whole woods, and sweeps whole towns away.
Had then some deadly, fire-conveying cloud
Dropped its red burden on the frenzied crowd,

Or some fierce whirlwind, issued from its cave,
Swept the blue main, aroused the slumbering wave,
And whelmed the armament amid the deep,
Even pity's self might have forborn to weep.
And now the host have reached the sacred ground,
How deeds of rapine and of blood abound !
The earth before them smiles with Eden's bloom,
Behind them frowns a wilderness—a tomb ;
Each spot on which the fell marauders tread
Displays a desert, peopled by the dead :
Thus when from hoary Blanc, whose dizzy height
Defies the cloud-surmounting eagle's flight,
Rent by the winter storm, a mass of snow
Falls thundering down upon the glen below,
The emerald vale, with bowers and hamlets graced,
Reft of each charm, becomes a hideous waste,
A grave—a scene where Death, with ghastly smile,
Waves his dark wings, and triumphs o'er his spoil.
Where'er the cross-displaying throng appears,
Thither on rapid wing the vulture steers,

There the red arm of ruthless war destroys,
There on the gory earth the peasant lies,
Pale, silent, lifeless, while involved in fire
His cottage burns, his wife and babes expire.
Alas ! that men should ever hope to please
The eye of mercy with such scenes as these,
Expect, for murder, a reward above,
A crown of glory from a God of love !
The world may praise, but God will still abhor
The man whose haughty mind delights in war ;
The Lord of Angels—He to whom is given
Sway uncontrolled o'er all in earth and heaven,
Whose praise on high employs each shining choir,
Dwells on each tongue, and flows from every lyre,
Is ever sounding, and shall never cease ;
He loves the lowly, He delights in peace.
Peace was the song of angels at his birth,
Peace the grand end of his abode on earth ;
For peace He laid His heavenly crown aside,
For peace He lived, he toiled, he bled, he died.

Hail lovely Peace ! descended from on high !
 By thee abandoned, what can man enjoy ?
 Smile on this jarring world, fair cherub, smile ;
 Soothe all its woe, and sweeten all its toil ;
 Still be thy silken wings around it spread,
 Like lunar light on ocean's surface shed,
 When clouds no more the moon's blue path deform,
 When mercy's mandate has dispersed the storm,
 When all is silent, every wind asleep,
 And not a ripple trembling on the deep.
 O with what joy will saints of former days
 Look down from heaven, and on Judea gaze,
 When they shall see her desolations end,
 See her fallen cities from the dust ascend,
 See purple vineyards all her hills adorn,
 And all her valleys standing thick with corn ;
 See her enjoying, Peace ! thy heavenly smile,
 And Freedom's banner floating o'er her soil ;
 See her once more by Jacob's race possessed,
 Once more with undefiled religion blessed.

Then with what bliss will Abraham's spirit glow !
 From David's lyre what tides of music flow !
 How full of triumph the adoring song,
 Ascending from the whole celestial throng !
 How loud, how lofty, the transporting tone
 Of every harp around the heavenly throne !
 Strive, Christians, strive the darkness to dispel
 That shrouds the mind of wretched Israel ;
 Let this have fled, and soon shall man behold
 That glorious age by heaven-taught seers foretold ;
 When Truth in every region shall prevail,
 Each pagan tribe the Friend of sinners hail ;
 When men on idol gods no more shall call,
 When all shall live to Him who died for all.
 Ye who regard the Jew with hate or scorn,
 Remember where the Son of God was born ;
 Recal to mind what prescient bards have said,
 Think of the pitying tears by Jesus shed
 For Salem's fall, and of the last request
 His faint and faltering voice to Heaven addressed.

To Hebrews do we not the Gospel owe,
That only antidote to human woe ;
That lamp to wandering man in mercy given,
To guide him through this wilderness to heaven ;
To brighten even his brightest days, and shower
Celestial radiance on his darkest hour,
Employ in songs of praise his latest breath,
And robe with smiles his pale cold cheek in death ?
That Gentiles might obtain this glorious prize,
Rejoice on earth, and reign beyond the skies,
What woes did Hebrews cheerfully sustain,
At home, abroad, on land, and on the main !
How were they scorned, detested, shunned, reviled,
Spurned by their kindred, of their substance spoiled,
Tormented, doomed in lonely wilds to dwell,
Condemned to languish in the dungeon cell,
Sentenced to die, by beasts of prey assailed,
Stretched on the block, or on the cross impaled !
Ye on whose mind the Gospel light has shone,
Ye who can term the crown of life your own,

Who feel the blissful hope by those enjoyed
That trust in Christ, in Christ alone confide,
No more with sinful unconcern behold
These long-deluded wanderers from his fold ;
Strive from their mind the awful veil to rend ;
Strive, and let prayer with all your efforts blend ;
Labour and pray, nor of success despair,
Your toil shall prosper, God will hear your prayer.
When Ahab's iron hand the sceptre bore,
When that abandoned prince bade all adore
His idol gods, and in the guilty land
Millions assented to the dire command,
Heaven was incensed, and on the region frowned,
Forbad the dew to irrigate the ground,
Each humid vapour from the sky dispelled,
And long the fertilizing rain withheld.
The scene how melancholy then displayed !
Herbs, flowers, and foliage all decay and fade ;
The birds no longer from their coverts rove,
No longer fill with melody the grove ;

Beneath the blaze of noon the forest bower
Is all as hushed as in the midnight hour ;
In quest of fount or stream with useless toil
The pining herds explore the arid soil ;
In vain they seek their languid limbs to lave,
Or slake their thirst, in some refreshing wave ;
The starving peasantry no longer dread
To mutter curses on the tyrant's head ;
Want and disease o'er all the land extend,
And thousands daily to the tomb descend.
But He who reigns in heaven still hears the prayer
Which Faith's ascending wings have wafted there ;
Scarce has Elijah sought that rain may fall,
When lo ! in answer to the Prophet's call,
A cloud, from Carmel's pine-clad verge descried,
Swiftly arises o'er the azure tide ;
At first so small, it seems to fancy's eye
A human hand upon the distant sky ;
At length expanding, the ethereal blue,
By mist enveloped, all retires from view ;

And soon announced by thunder's solemn sound,
The bursting vapour hurries to the ground.
The land no more a bloomless wild remains,
Reviving nature every charm regains;
Ambrosial odours mingle with the gale,
The murmuring river winds along the vale,
The herds exulting quaff the chrystal flood,
Melodious carols fill the echoing wood,
Heart-felt delight beams forth from every eye,
In every dwelling sounds the voice of joy.
Thus shall Jehovah to your prayer attend,
Thus on the Hebrew mind his grace descend;
Imbued with grace, that wild shall soon disclose
An Eden aspect blooming like the rose;
The race shall wander from their God no more,
Their sins forsake, confess, abhor, deplore,
Trust in the Son of God, and humbly call
Him their Messiah,—Saviour,—Sovereign,—All.

THE
TRIUMPHS OF THE BIBLE.

Illum adorabunt, mare quâ remotis
Obstrepat terribis, metuentque reges;
Servient gentes sub utroque mandi
Axe jacentes.

BUCHANAN.

JOY where the Bible's light has never shone !
 Joy where the Bible's God is all unknown !
 Joy dwelling there, will any hope to find ?
 There does not misery still pervade the mind,
 As snow the Alpine mountain's hoary head,
 Or night the viewless caverns of the dead ?
 Unhappy Heathen ! but at length their woe
 Impels compassion's sacred tear to flow ;
 Europe at length their wretched lot deplores,
 And wafts the heavenly volume to their shores.

By Albion first the blessing was bestowed,
 From Albion only, for a time it flowed ;
 But thousands now, in various realms, combine
 To bless the Pagan with this gift divine :
 So when, declining, the bright orb of day
 Entombs in purple clouds his setting ray,
 At first unseen the countless worlds on high,
 Evening's white star alone adorns the sky ;
 But soon those worlds their golden spheres disclose,
 Soon all the vast cerulean concave glows,
 And stars unnumbered, with their cheering light,
 Guide the lone pilgrim through the shade of night.

Ye friends of man the treasure still supply,
 Nor ever cease till all beneath the sky
 This source of heaven-revealing light enjoy.
 Already thousands, guided by its ray,
 Have found the path to never-fading day ;
 Have found the Saviour, felt his sweet repose,
 Sustained, rejoicing, their severest woes ;

Met death with smiles, and reached, beyond the tomb,
Those scenes adorned with more than Eden's bloom;
Those tranquil scenes, where, life's rough path once trod,
Reposing saints for ever dwell with God.

Cheered by your gift, amid his dungeon lone,
Hushed is the fettered captive's wonted groan;
Though damp, dark ramparts, mantle from his eye
Yon verdant earth, blue wave, and azure sky,
His soul, unfettered, soars to worlds above,
Travels through scenes of freedom, light, and love;
Hears the celestial lute's transporting sound,
Beholds the floods of pleasure which surround,
With still enlarging wave, Heaven's dazzling throne,
And, filled with transport, terms them all its own.

He who for many a weary year has pined
On fell disease's, thorny couch reclined,
Calmly and cheerfully endures the rod,
And for its heaviest strokes adores his God;

Praise's sweet incense from the sufferer flows,
 Constant as fragrance from the scented rose :
 Though sleepless still to him the hours of night,
 He chides no more the slowness of their flight ;
 No more impatient for the morning longs,
 But breaks the midnight stillness with his songs.

Yon beggar view ; how spectre-like his face !
 His limbs how palsied, and how slow the pace
 With which he travels to his straw-roofed home,
 Whence want constrained his trembling steps to roam.
 The sun has set, deep darkness reigns around,
 The snow fast falling thickens on the ground,
 And winter's blast sends forth its shrillest sound :
 Within that hut, scarce glimmering through the gloom,
 A rush-light shews the horrors of the room ;
 The fireless hearth, the miserable bed
 Of straw composed, and on the bare earth spread,
 The snow that ceaseless from the crevice falls,
 The naked shelves, the damp and tottering walls ;

As on the dreary scene he casts his eye,
Fast roll his tears, and heavy is his sigh.
But see ! his mind's keen anguish to assuage,
He grasps with eagerness the sacred page ;
He reads, and peace once more pervades his soul,
Hushed is his sigh, his tears no longer roll :
Look with what joy he views his cheerless shed,
As in that precious page he finds it said,
The Saviour had not where to lay his head.
There he is told his sorrows soon will end,
His spirit soon with angel myriads blend ;
Soon see its God, and near his throne enjoy
The glorious treasures of the world on high.
Hark ! as on yonder straw his limbs he lays,
How sweetly sounds his evening song of praise !
Attendant seraphs stand around, and spread
Their shielding pinions o'er his humble bed :
His eye-lids soon are closed, and closed remain,
Fast bound in balmy slumber's silken chain,
Till morn on eastern waves imprints its golden stain.

So the sweet leaflets of the slumbering flower,
Closing in evening's dim and dewy hour,
Continue folded, till the beam of day
Rolls from the lake the pale blue mist away.
The traveller mourns no more his distant home,
Pursues his way with joy, though doomed to roam
O'er dreariest wilds, where man has never trod,
Sustained and gladdened by the word of God.
From the same spring of heavenly joy supplied,
The weary seaman, on the stormy tide,
Hears undismayed the fearful tempests rave,
Views with undaunted eye the yawning wave,
Calls Him his Father, Him his Friend, whose sway
The storm reveres, the winds and waves obey.
The soldier, too, its healing virtue knows,
In all his toils it yields his soul repose ;
In all he proves its joy-inspiring power,
It cheers him even in battle's awful hour :
He feels the gladness it imparts, though lying
Mid floods of gore, cold, ghastly, languid, dying.

Furnished with wisdom from this boundless store,
 The Heathen calls upon his gods no more :
 Behold yon supplicating Indian ! see !
 'Tis not to idol gods he bows the knee ;
 Him he adores, to Him ascends his cry,
 Who formed the earth, and strewed with stars the sky ;
 Whose boundless power is equalled by his love,
 Who, though obeyed by countless hosts above,
 Obeyed ere earth appeared, ere time began,
 Descended from his throne to die for man.
 Full many a region, once with rites defiled,
 From viewing which the Christian had recoiled,
 Trembling and pale with horror, now displays
 A scene resounding with the Saviour's praise.
 Eden's lost flowers the dreariest wastes adorn ;
 All hail, ye dawns of millennial morn !
 Soon will Jehovah prove his promise true,
 This dark and woful vale of tears renew,
 Implant his fear and love in every heart,
 Hush every sigh, bid every woe depart,

And change this desert to a scene of joy,
Like that which blooms around his throne on high.

Lord of the tempest, shelter from the storm !
What work, what wonder, cannot he perform ?
When all lay viewless in primeval night,
He spake, and into being rushed the light :
When ocean o'er the guilty world was spread,
Entombing nations in its shoreless bed ;
When far above the tallest cliffs it flowed,
Veiling in waves the eagle's bleak abode ;
He spake, and ocean fell at his command,
High o'er the sinking surge arose the land.
If He but speak, the sunshine of the soul
Shall stream from shore to shore, from pole to pole ;
If He but speak, sin's haughty wave shall fall,
Fallen man arise, and Christ be " all in all."

That long desired, that long predicted time,
When men of every cast, in every clime,

Shall know the Lord, the Lord alone adore,
And sin and woe prevail on earth no more ;
That time, methinks, has come ; methinks I gaze
On all the glory of the latter days.
What throngs of wonders do I now behold !
What glorious visions to my view unfold !
Not more enchanting that to Jacob shewn,
Stretched on the rocky desert tired and lone ;
When, day's effulgence gone, dim twilight fled,
And midnight's gloom around the pilgrim shed,
Angels to cheer the drooping patriarch flew,
Athwart the scene a flood of radiance threw,
And splendour, dazzling as the solar ray,
Streamed o'er the waste, and changed the night to day ;
Scenes more enchanting scarcely then displayed
When John the regions of the blest surveyed,
Gazed on the pavement by archangels trod,
Beheld the city of the living God,
And saw the myriads, whom its walls enfold,
Wave their bright palms, and strike their harps of gold.

Before me pass a long, long exiled race,
 The glow of transport beaming on each face ;
 Like billow following billow to the strand,
 Throng after throng approach their father's land ;
 And now unnumbered as the starry host,
 Or sand-grains glittering on the sea-beat coast,
 On yon green hills, and corn-clad vallies, dwell
 The now repenting tribes of Israel,
 Yes ! from their mind the awful veil is torn,
 They view the Saviour whom they pierced, and mourn ;
 Adore through life, and with expiring breath
 Invoke the once scorned man of Nazareth.

All Turkey's realms are present to my sight,
 All are illumined with celestial light ;
 There from the mosque the glittering crescents fall,
 There o'er the gilded dome and massive wall,
 The traveller, filled with joy and wonder, sees
 The Christian banner floating on the breeze.
 The Arab race how changed ! no more they wield
 The gleaming sabre on the bloody field ;

No longer spur the charger to the plain,
 Where War's stern Genius stalks amid the slain;
 Turbid, ferocious plunderers no more,
 But mild as ocean when the storm is o'er,
 And scarce-heard waves light softly on the shore.

Regions innumerable now appear,
 All sway'd by Christ. Oh, cheering sound! I hear
 Those who once deem'd yon fading orb divine
 Hymning the Power that bids the sun to shine;
 Their prayer and praise to Jesus all address,
 All hail as God "the Sun of Righteousness."

That star has set by whose effulgence led
 The Magi found the infant Saviour's bed;
 That silver star has set; but oh! released
 From deepest gloom, a brighter cheers the east:
 Millions on millions there exulting see
 The Star that set in blood on Calvary;
 Set, but soon left his dark sepulchral bed,
 And rose again triumphant from the dead.

I see Idolatry's fell Genius mourn
 The sceptre from her grasp for ever torn ;
 I see the rank grass o'er her altars wave,
 Her fanes are lonely as the desert's cave ;
 And now with horror, shrinking from the light,
 The fiend has flown to realms of endless night.
 So the pale spectre, long as night abides,
 Still haunts the traveller, still around him glides ;
 But soon as day-break has dispersed the gloom,
 Flies the loathed light, and hurries to the tomb.

I see the cross arise from every shore,
 I hear the tribes of every land adore
 Him who, impelled by vast, unbounded love,
 Left the bright mansions of the world above,
 Died on the cross, descended to the grave,
 To seek the wandering and the lost to save.
 Their songs have scaled the ramparts of the sky,
 Angels have heard them in the realms of joy ;

And see ! the whole celestial host descend,
 And all to earth their course exulting bend,
 Winging through ether's pathless field their flight,
 Fleet as the breeze, and as the moon-beam bright.
 Hark ! all around their heavenly music floats
 Sublime, transporting, as those mystic notes
 Which when the saint resigns his parting breath
 His spirit hears, within the vale of death.
 " God over all !" the heavenly choir exclaim,
 " Earth's every kingdom hallows now thy name ;
 Wherever beams the dazzling orb of day,
 Or silver moon emits her paler ray,
 Man's rebel heart hath yielded to thy sway ;
 And still o'er all shalt thou Jehovah reign,
 Thy throne, when worlds have vanished, shall remain ;
 This mighty globe, with all that mortal eye
 Beholds suspended in yon azure sky,
 All, all shall cease, but thy dominion be
 Lasting and endless as eternity."

GETHSEMANE.

THE day is past, the sun has set,
The lingering twilight too has fled,
The peasant's song on Olivet
Has ceased, the stars with mist o'erspread
Withhold their light, no friendly ray
Reveals the wildered pilgrim's way.

How dark the scene ! along the hill
Its streaming light no watch-fire throws ;
Midnight approaches—all is still,
Save where the stream of Cedron flows,
And yonder garden, where the trees
Are trembling in the passing breeze.

But hark ! those sounds are not the sighs
 Of foliage swept by midnight's gale ;
 Nor can they from the brook arise,
 Whose wave divides the neighbouring vale ;
 A voice—a sufferer's voice I hear,
 Surely some child of woe is near.

Oh, whose is yonder dreary moan !
 Whom does that murmuring bower surround ?
 Despised, rejected, friendless, lone,
 Bathing with drops of blood the ground :
 Stupendous fact ! Ah ! can it be
 The Son of God in agony ?

What patience ! how resigned his prayer,
 Though, while upon the earth he kneels,
 Nor man nor angel can declare
 The agony his spirit feels :
 On Him, in this tremendous hour,
 Oceans of more than waters pour.

Whenever, Lord, I would repine,

May I reflect how thou didst mourn ;

May I compare my griefs with thine,

And may my griefs like thine be borne ;

Still may I say, howe'er distressed,

“ Thy will be done ! ” thy name be blessed !

And ever in temptation's hour,

Ever when urged from thee to stray,

May I remember yon lone bower :

While mindful, Lord, of that dismay, *

That bloody sweat, that agony,

Oh ! will I, can I stray from Thee !

* Mark xiv 33. *ἤρξατο ἐκθαμβεῖσθαι* *Cæpit expavescere*. Beza.—*Cæpit pavere*. Vulg.—*Εκθαμβεῖσθαι*, a word not used in Matthew, but very significant: it speaks something like the horrors of great darkness which fell upon Abraham, Gen. xv. 12.; or something worse and more frightful; the terrors of God set themselves in array against him, and he allowed himself the actual and intense contemplation of them. Henry's Com.

THE BIBLE.

Nomen augustum canat omnis ætas,
 Ulla quod nunquam taceat vetustas;
 Nominis sancti penetret per omnes
 Gloria terras.

BUCHANAN.

WHEN sounds the midnight tempest's sigh
 Along the foaming deep,
 When dusky clouds obscure the sky,
 And when in vain the seaman's eye
 Would strive the beacon-fire to spy,
 That gleams on the distant steep:

When breakers all around and near
 The struggling vessel rave;
 Then to the helmsman, oh! how dear,
 The chart that tells him how to steer
 His way from every danger clear,
 Through the dark and tempestuous wave!

His every rising fear it quells,
 His every painful care dispels,
 And causes him to feel as though
 The storm's shrill gale had ceased to blow,
 The baleful haze were all dispelled,
 The friendly star or moon beheld,
 Unheard the breakers' awful sound,
 And calm each troubled wave around :—

And thus the Holy Bible cheers
 On life's obscure and stormy tide ;
 Bids the distressing cares and fears
 That haunt our bosoms all subside :
 How blessed with peace and joy are they,
 Who know its truths, its laws obey !

Calm are their souls where'er they dwell,
 Amid tumultuous towns, as well
 As in the lone sequestered vale,

Where scarce a sound is heard beside
 The murmuring of the streamlet's tide,
 And sighing of the gale.

All scenes to them renewed, forgiven,
 Are scenes of peace, are types of Heaven .
 Ever—befal what may,
 Even though assailed by heaviest woe—
 Their peace of mind remains, they go
 Rejoicing on their way.

When friends unfaithful frowning fly,
 Vanish like shadows from the eye ;
 When shrinks the sun from view, the sky
 With sable vapours girt ;
 They heave no discontented sigh,
 Shed no impatient tear ; and why ?
 This Book declares a Friend is nigh,
 Who never will desert.

When bending o'er the mournful bed,
 That holds the relics of the dead,
 The pale cold frame from which has fled
 The spirit of a friend ;
 When listening to the doleful knell,
 The tolling of the muffled bell ;
 When viewing, mid the dreary cell,
 The confined dead descend ;—

Even then, you see them still resigned ;
 The peace prevailing in their mind,
 Each word, each look displays ;
 Instead of frantic shrieks, the wind
 Wafts, with the dismal knell combined,
 The cheerful hymn of praise.

And why ? this Book's consoling lore
 Has healed the wounded heart ;
 From it they know there is in store
 Another, better, brighter shore,

Where, death's dark wave once travelled o'er,
The Righteous live, to die no more,
And meet, no more to part.

Still, when reminded from within,
How deep their guilt, how great their sin,
When conscience lifts her voice ;
That voice, all unalarmed they hear,
The sacred book allays their fear,
Commands them to rejoice.

" At rest," it saith, " oh, sinner ! be ;
Let joy inspire thy soul, for He,
Mid' angel hosts enthroned,
Was slain, was crucified for thee ;
His death upon the bloody tree
For all thy guilt atoned."

Even when the vale of death is nigh,
They view the gloomy path with joy,

Like that with which the hireling views
The mountain o'er the glen diffuse
The lengthened shade, that seems to say,
"Night is at hand, the toilsome day
Will soon have fled, and thou shalt see,
Ere long, thy home and family ;
These limbs, with labour so oppressed,
Shall soon in sweetest slumber rest."

Or like the joy the soldier feels,
 When sets the sun, and peaceful night
Athwart the wearying combat steals,
 And ends the long-continued fight ;
When, on some turfy bank reclined,
 His ponderous arms aside he throws,
And lulled by evening's murmuring wind,
 Sinks into soft and deep repose.

They ken thy valley, death, with joy,
Triumphant through its gloom they fly ;

For this celestial Book has shown,
And taught them to account their own,
Beyond that dark and dreaded vale,
Realms, where no evil shall assail ;
Where strife, and toil, and sorrow cease ;
Where all is love, where all is peace ;
Where friends, by death disjoined, unite,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white ;
Resplendent as the orb of day,
When planets fade before his ray ;
When, rising from his ocean grave,
He soars above the gilded wave ;
Where saints, with angels, are enrolled ;
Where all, the Saviour's face behold.
Cheered by the view this Book has given
Of rest above, of bliss in heaven.
They peacefully resign their breath,
And smiling meet the shock of death.

That bliss enjoys the Monarch, now,
The patriot Prince, around whose brow
 Thy crown, Britannia, lately shone ;
No more beset by direst woes,
He shares the Angels' sweet repose,
With all the Seraphs' rapture glows,
While 'mid celestial hosts he throws
 His wreath before the Saviour's throne.

Soon may the day arrive, when he,
 From Heaven's resplendent choir,
Gazing, Illustrious Isle, on thee,
Shall with augmented transport see.
 Accomplished his desire !
When this celestial Book, bestowed
 On all beneath thy Sovereign's sway,
Shall warn them from destruction's road,
Guide them to Heaven's thrice blessed abode,
 And cheer them on the way !

Methinks I hear him thus command
The free, enlightened, happy land,

That rules the stormy wave :—

“This Book to all thy sons supply,
Nor to thy Sister Isle deny
This precious guide to present joy,

And bliss beyond the grave.

And may Hibernia not despise
The heavenly Book, but, truly wise,
With grateful rapture grasp the prize !

Then, Erin ! then no more
Shall war deform thy verdant soil ;
Then discord never shall defile
Thy beauteous borders, emerald Isle ;
But Peace, celestial Peace, shall smile
For ever on thy shore !”

Oh ! send this precious Book where'er
Or winds can waft or waves can bear,
Wherever man is found :

Let Asia's realms the treasure share,
 And that benighted region, where
 Britannia's power once caused despair,
 Dark Africa, oh ! chiefly there

Let Albion's love abound.
 May this celestial volume bless
 Columbia's dreariest wilderness,

Her fiercest savage tame ;
 Illumine all her tribes, and make
 Each forest vast, and spacious lake,

Resound the Saviour's name.
 Send it to where the negro toils ;
 Impart it to those sultry isles

Whose shores Atlantic billows lave :
 There let it bid the dead to live,
 True freedom to the freeman give,

True consolation to the slave.
 Oh ! send it to that numerous train
 Of distant isles, whose cliffs sustain
 The vast Pacific's wave :

May all who in those isles abide
Possess this heaven-descended guide,
And taught by it, in Him confide
Who laid his glory all aside,
Came down to earth, toiled, mourned, and died,
A ruined world to save.

Though some should strive the hand to stay
That gives the sacred boon away,
The heavenly treasure still supply,
Till all the precious gift obtain,
All who in pagan darkness lie,
Who still, alas ! in number vie
With stars on midnight's spangled sky—
With billows on the heaving main.

And may the time be drawing near,
When, read by all mankind,
This Book each sorrowing heart shall cheer,
And cleanse each sinful mind ;

When all the race shall be enrolled,

Redeemer ! in thy happy fold,

And sin and sorrow hence be driven ;

And they who strike the harp of gold

Before thy radiant throne, behold,

With joy and wonder, as of old,

This earth another heaven !

ELEGY

ON THE

RIGHT REV. THOMAS WILSON, D. D.

LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

Quo nemo vir melior natus est, nemo pietate præstantior.

CICERO.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

HORACE.

THE sun no longer gilds the western tide,
 The night advances fast, the distant sail
 Now disappears, and on yon mountain's side
 The forest trembles in the evening gale;
 To shroud beneath the wave its circlet pale,
 Eve's snowy star is hastening to the main:
 How still the scene! no more from yonder vale
 Issues the peasant's labour-soothing strain;
 The hours of toil are past, and homeward speeds the swain.

But hark ! methinks I hear a mourner's groans !
 And now I see, near yonder house of prayer,
 A peasant wandering 'mid those gloomy stones :
 His frame how years have bent, and blanched his hair !
 Whom is the aged man bewailing there ?
 Whose relics rest in that sepulchral cave,
 To which I see the mourner now repair ?
 Why do his streaming tears yon tombstone lave ?
 This is the mournful cause—it covers Wilson's grave.

How sad the loss which mariners sustain,
 When, rushing o'er the ship, a foaming tide
 O'erwhelms their pilot in the raging main !
 Such, Mona, was thy loss, when Wilson died.
 Who would not feel for pilgrims that beside
 Some awful chasm their path by night explore,
 When sets the transient moon, and when their guide,
 By death's cold arm arrested, is no more ?
 Like such lorn pilgrims they who Wilson's death deplore !

How did compassion's tear from him descend !
 How did he feel for all he saw distressed !
 In him the widow ever found a friend,
 The fatherless a father still possessed.
 How is his memory by the poor man blessed,
 Who never sought his aid without avail !
 How is his death bewailed by the oppressed,
 Who fled to him, as to its port the sail
 Flies from the savage surge, and ocean-rending gale !

Oft do the aged still with tears relate
 Proofs of the mercy that adorned his mind ;
 Oft to Bethesda they compare his gate,
 And say it was a place where one might find
 A throng of sufferers withered, halt, and blind,
 Waiting till he, their angel, should appear
 With bounteous hand, and look and language kind,
 To ease their wants, their saddened hearts to cheer,
 To silence every sigh, and dry up every tear. ⁵

But shook the hardened sinner's mind with awe,
 Whene'er he heard this man of God proclaim
 The threatened vengeance of the broken law,
 The deathless worm, the unexpiring flame !
 And when the saint descanted on the name
 Of Him who left the mansions of the sky,
 Assumed a servant's lowly form, and came
 To suffer death, that man might live on high,
 Oh, how did he inspire the contrite heart with joy !

How prospered piety beneath his care !
 Vital religion spread o'er Mona's isle,
 When he was vested with the mitre there !
 As o'er Egyptian realms the ample Nile,
 As summer's flowery mantle o'er the soil .
 Which fruitful showers and dews profusely lave ;
 As day-light o'er the azure concave, while
 Fades the dim ray that morn's pale planet gave,
 And golden sun-beams rush athwart the eastern wave.

And long did he continue to persuade
The wicked to forsake their evil way,
The penitent with sage advice to aid,
Their doubts to solve, their terrors to allay !
Even when old age had tinged his locks with grey,
Still did the happy fold his labour share ;
And still would he resort, on Sabbath day,
To distant churches, and with fervour there
His sacred counsel give, his Master's message bear.

Even age did not remove him from his post ;
There he continued labouring to the last,
Firm as the hoary rock on ocean's coast,
That bids defiance to the wildest blast,
Athwart whose towering front storms vainly cast
The rolling billows of the ruffled deep ;
Firm as the aged oak, adhering fast
To the rough bosom of the craggy steep,
Whose hardy boughs endure the tempest's fiercest sweep.⁶

Although among the meekest of mankind,
 Yet with what fortitude was he endowed !
 The threats of foes how little did he mind !
 How firmly cleave to duty's heavenward road !
 How calm, dark Rushen,⁷ to thy drear abode,
 Did he, compelled by lawless force, repair,
 Though from his eye the tear of pity flowed,
 And earnestly arose to heaven his prayer,
 That his relentless foes might be forgiven there !⁸

Ah ! little did his persecutors know
 The peace he in that gloomy gaol enjoyed :
 Where'er the truly righteous man may go,
 The angel peace is ever at his side.
 To him, when borne along the fearful tide,
 By darkness shrouded, and by whirlwinds rent,
 When traversing the desert's dismal void,
 Or when within the lonely dungeon pent,
 To him, where'er he be, peace from on high is sent.

Rest to their souls the righteous ever find ;
Of this was Wilson's spirit still possessed ;
Even when beset with heaviest woes, his mind
Was still pervaded by profoundest rest,
By peace like that imparted to the blessed.
Thus when the winds of dreary winter rave,
And scourge with awful fury ocean's breast,
Serene as ever, in its hidden cave,
Shines the resplendent gem beneath the storm-swept wave.

What peace distinguished his expiring hour !
Mildly as moves along the gentle gale,
That scarcely shakes the dew-drop from the flower,
His soul departed from its fabric frail,
With angels through the pathless sky to sail
To that bright world prepared for saints on high,
Where none shall ever hear the mourner's wail,
Where tears are wiped away from every eye,
Where all, unending life, unbounded bliss enjoy.º

There does he dwell, and there shall he remain,
For ever mingled with that radiant zone,
That white-robed multitude, that angel train
Who still encircle the eternal throne,
Blending their voices with the lyre's sweet tone,
Struck from ten thousand thousand golden chords,
All magnifying Him, and Him alone,
Who ransomed them, and richly now rewards,
The glorious King of kings, the mighty Lord of lords.

MY NATIVE LAND.

ISLAND of mountains steep and bare !

Bleak is thy climate, and thy soil

But ill repays the planter's care,

But ill rewards the reaper's toil :

No costly harvests wave on thee,

On thee no forests wide expand ;

Yet, Mona, thou hast charms for me,

For art not thou my native land ?

No rivers deep and broad hast thou,

Like those which flow through British ground ;

Thine are but streams, that, from the brow

Of lofty mountains, swiftly bound

Through narrow channels to the sea,

Which bursts upon thy murmuring strand ;

Yet, Mona, thou hast charms for me,

For art not thou my native land ?

No minstrel of immortal fame
Has yet among thy sons been found,
Nor of thy country can we name
A single portion classic ground :
No harp has sounded yet in thee,
Struck by a Gray's or Milton's hand ;
Yet, Mona, thou hast charms for me,
For art not thou my native land ?

Rough is thy coast, and loud the roar
Around thy rocks of ocean's wave ;
The tide that rolls upon thy shore
Has often proved the seaman's grave.
But yet my bosom clings to thee ;
Yes ! it is nature's own demand,
Island ! that thou be dear to me,
For art not thou my native land ?

LINES

ON

VIEWING PEEL CASTLE

BY MOONLIGHT.

I ENVY not the man who, while
The moon, as now, her radiance lends
To yonder small romantic isle,
Can eye unpleased the moss-clad pile
That from its verge ascends.

Never so beautifully shone
Those walls beneath the lunar light
As now, when mouldering, roofless, lone,
And silent, save but for the moan
That speaks the breezes' flight.

Thus never does the grove display
So sweet a scene, as when we view
Its leaves beginning to decay,
When summer's lively tint gives way
To autumn's graver hue.

Thus Christians loveliest too appear,
When from the pale decaying frame
The spirit flies without a fear,
Without a groan, or sigh, or tear,
To Him from whom it came.

THE MORNING STAR.

At length the star of morning glows
Upon the eastern sky,
Its rays around the traveller throws,
And cheers his spirit, while it shows
Night's drear dominion near its close,
And day's long wished for season nigh.

In yonder planet I behold
An emblem of the seer
Who in Judea's wild of old
The sinner warned, the saint consoled,
The day-spring from on high foretold,
Declared the coming Shiloh near.

An emblem, too, is yonder flame
Of those that cross the wave
And trace the desert, to proclaim
To heathen tribes the cheering name,
The boundless worth of Him who came
From darkness, sin, and death, to save.

Soon may the Power who rules on high
Their sacred labours bless,
Cause Error's awful shade to fly,
And those who now in darkness lie
With ardent gratitude and joy
To hail the Sun of Righteousness.

THIS IS NOT OUR REST.

LET but a few more years roll by,
And then, united with the dead,
The body in the tomb shall lie,
The soul to other worlds have fled.
This life is but a meteor's ray,
Scarce seen when it has passed away.
Is this a truth by all confessed?
One from which none assent withhold?
Need it to any then be told
That this is not our rest?

On earth afflictions still invade,
Nor can the holiest hope to be
Exempt from sorrow, until laid
In thy lone cell, Mortality.

Yes! from the cradle to the grave,
Resembling wave succeeding wave
On the fierce ocean's troubled breast,
Sorrow, fast following sorrow, shows
That here we vainly seek repose,
That this is not our rest.

How rarely does the pilgrim see,
While through Arabian wilds he strays,
The blushing flower, the verdant tree,
The cooling fountain's silvery haze,
Ascending from the desert ground!
Thus rarely friends on earth are found.
But, ah, what foes our path infest,
Encircle us where'er we move,
And ceaselessly assailing prove
That this is not our rest!

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

THE solemn hour is drawing near
When earth itself shall be no more,
When this vast globe shall disappear,
Like ship receding from the shore,
Or mid the yawning wave descending,
 When wild winds sweep
 The face of the deep,
And sea and sky seem blending.

The sun will then no longer shine,
The moon no more her light dispense ;
The stars, with which a hand divine
Has gemmed the firmament, and whence
Ten thousand rills of light are streaming,
 All shall expire,
 Like the meteor's fire
For one short moment gleaming.

Then from on high the Judge of all,
 Circled by angels, shall descend ;
 The trump shall sound, and to its call
 The human race shall all attend ;
 All to the dread tribunal soaring,
 The lonely grave,
 And the ocean wave,
 Alike their dead restoring.

Believers ! with what joy will they
 Their long-expected Master greet !
 And sinners ! oh, with what dismay
 Will such their dread Avenger meet !
 The wrath of God no more defying,
 Their dreary wail,
 Like December's gale,
 Mid waving forests sighing !

O may we then, unmoved with fear,
 Our Maker and our Judge behold ;

And, judgment past, may we appear
Where white-robed saints their crowns of gold
Before the throne of God are casting,
With them to share
The enjoyment there,
Through endless ages lasting.

THE LAKE OF GENNESARETH.

'Tis evening's lone and pensive hour,
The night birds now their nests forsake ;
Soft dews revive the drooping flower
That blooms beside yon chrystal lake :
The air is calm, the zephyr's breath
Scarce stirs thy wave, Gennesareth.

How pleasing now, from yon lone shore,
To gaze upon the passing sail,
To listen to the distant oar,
To view the planet's image pale,
By nature's mystic hand impressed
On the smooth lake's pellucid breast.

But see ! that cloud ! how swiftly now
Athwart the darkening heaven it flies !
And hark ! it is the fluttering bough
That in the neighbouring forest sighs.
Now on the lake the storm descends,
The tempest now its surface rends.

In yon small vessel's stern reclined,
Jesus a resting-place has found ;
Nor does the moaning of the wind,
Nor bursting billow's awful sound,
While on the skiff its foam it throws,
Arouse Him from His deep repose.

To Him the trembling crew repair,
And prostrate at His feet they fall ;
To Him they each address their prayer,
On him for aid, for rescue call :
Nor is their suit without avail ;
He lays the wave, He stills the gale.

No sooner does the moaning storm
 Receive His mandate, "Peace, be still,"
 Than the fierce elements conform
 To their Almighty Maker's will :
 His word they cannot disobey ;
 Hushed is the wind, and calm the sea.

The lake again is all serene,
 With gentlest sound its waters lave
 The tranquil shore ; the star is seen
 Again reflected on its wave ;
 Once more the breeze scarce stirs the rose
 That on its flowery margin grows.

To thine afflicted people's cry,
 Jesus, thou ever wilt attend,
 Wilt consolation still supply,
 Divine assistance always lend ;
 And never, never will it be
 In vain for them to call on Thee.

Thou in each danger wilt be near,
Their rising terror to control ;
And when the fast-descending tear
Bespeaks the anguish of their soul,
Thou then wilt bid their sorrow cease,
And to their spirit whisper peace.

However troubled be their mind,
Its trouble, Saviour, thou wilt quell,
As once thou didst the stormy wind,
When at thy word its murmur fell,
And scarcely trembled with its breath
The waters of Gennesareth.

WINTER.



WHEN winter's wasting storms arise,
How changed a face does nature show !
The soil, where flowers of brightest dyes
And sweetest odour grew, now lies
 Wrapped in a shroud of snow.

The river, scarcely heard before
The falling of the winter's rain,
Rolls peacefully along no more ;
Loud is its murmur as the roar
 That issues from the main.

The forest, where so lately hung
Unnumbered leaves on every bough,

Whose verdure-mantled bowers among
The feathered tribes so sweetly sung,
How bare and lonely now !

How sad the change which has prevailed
Since Winter's gloomy reign began !
But how much more to be bewailed
The change transgression has entailed
Upon apostate man !

The human soul, ere mortals far
From Eden's blissful bowers were driven,
Was stainless as the purest star
That wheels aloft its silver car
O'er the blue vault of heaven.

Never had death, till Adam's fall,
Erected here his awful throne ;
The dreary shroud, and mournful pall,
And lonely sepulchre, were all,
To sinless man, unknown.

Ere man had ventured to defy
His Maker's threat, he never felt
A single woe ; but peace and joy,
Such as the angels feel on high,
 Within his bosom dwelt.

Then on our world the radiant host,
Who stand before the heavenly throne,
Looked down from their exalted post,
Eyed it with gladness, and almost
 Mistook it for their own.

But now, how changed is man ! his mind
Is foul as winter's miry flood ;
To all eternal things how blind !
To evil, oh, how much inclined !
 And how averse to good !

Soon must he die, and, made to mourn,
Oft must he feel affliction's rod ;

Oft must his soul with grief be torn,
Till to the grave his frame be borne,
His spirit be with God.

The world on which the angels smiled,
Which heaven ere while rejoiced to see,
What is it now? a dreary wild,
A scene throughout with sin defiled,
And full of misery.

Stern Winter shall not still prevail;
Ere long returning spring shall rend
From the bleak earth yon mantle pale,
And there again to every gale
Fair flowers their fragrance lend.

Though now, like ocean's troubled tide,
The swollen and rapid stream may rave,
Its deafening sound will soon subside,
Its waters soon abate, and glide
With slow and tranquil wave.

Ere long the wood, so lone and bare,
Will all its wonted bloom display ;
Soon will the minstrels of the air
Wing to its bowers their flight, and there
Resume their cheering lay.

Let man, though awful be his fall,
Banish despondence from his mind ;
Let him on God for mercy call,
A Saviour has atoned for all—
The vilest of mankind.

Through Him have thousands of our race
Pardon and peace of mind possessed,
And, changed by His almighty grace,
Have safely reached, at length, a place
Of everlasting rest.

A region that, which far transcends
The paradise to Adam given ;

No foe his footsteps thither bends,
A joy which never, never ends,
Is that which reigns in heaven.

There man, though once so fallen, shares
With angels an eternal day,
Enjoys their blessedness, and wears
A crown that shines so bright as theirs,
And never shall decay.

ELEGIAC LINES,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.



WHO would repine that thou art not
 Remaining still a pilgrim here,
 Or gaze with anguish on thy bier?
 Thine surely is a happy lot.

'Tis from a dreary wilderness,
 Sweet innocent! that thou hast fled;
 'Tis from a desert overspread
 With sin, and danger, and distress.

Hadst thou amongst us longer dwelt,
 Oft would the tear have dimmed thine eye,
 Oft from thy bosom burst the sigh,
 And thou unnumbered pangs have felt.

But now thou still with peace art blessed,
Deep as the slumbering wave's repose,
When not one murmuring zephyr blows
Along the ocean's tranquil breast.

How oft, if from this dreary wild
Thy flight had longer been delayed,
Hadst thou from thy Redeemer strayed !
How oft thy soul with guilt defiled !

Hadst thou amongst us longer been,
Ah ! who, thrice happy child ! can say,
Thou then hadst died without dismay,
Or heaven's resplendent mansions seen ?

But to the holy, happy dead,
Thy soul is now for ever joined ;
And, softly as the gentlest wind,
Thy blest, thy angel spirit fled.

Farewell, sweet babe ! may grace divine
But make us all resemble thee ;
Then shall our dying moments be
As stingless and as calm as thine.

HOW GREAT IS GOD.



How great is God ! before his throne

The seraph prostrate lies ;

Jehovah's praise, His praise alone

The angels' harp employs :

Let mortals, too, His praise proclaim,

Let all adore His sacred name.

Great though He be, yet does his love

To mortal men extend ;

Their blessings all are from above,

All, all from God descend :

O let them, then, His praise proclaim,

Let all adore His sacred name.

For them He formed the orb whence flows

The day's effulgent light,

And silver moon, and star that glows

Amid the gloom of night :

Let mortals, then, His praise proclaim,

Let all adore His sacred name.

For them He curbs the sea's career;

And stays the foaming tide,

Makes the fierce wind His mandate hear,

The ruthless storm subside :

Let mortals, then, His praise proclaim,

Let all adore His sacred name.

The fruitful rain for them He sends ;

For them, at His command,

Autumn her golden garb extends

O'er all the teeming land :

Let mortals, then, His praise proclaim,

Let all adore His sacred name.

Vile though they be, yet even to them

What blessings has he given,

Unnumbered as the stars that gem

The canopy of heaven ;

Let mortals, then, His praise proclaim,

Let all adore His sacred name.

His only Son he did not spare,

But sent him from on high,

For them intensest pangs to bear,

For them to bleed and die.

Let mortals, then, His praise proclaim,

Let all adore His sacred name.

THE DEATH-BELL.

**HARK, how the death-bell's mournful sound
Blends with the moaning of the blast !
Some soul the dark and dreaded bound
Of mortal life has passed.**

**Faded and pale as is the flower
When the bleak wind of winter sighs,
And wildly waves the naked bower,
The lifeless body lies.**

**But whither has the spirit fled ?
On angels' wings to realms of light ?
Or has it been by demons led
To everlasting night ?**

What was that spirit's state before
The arm of death removed it hence ?
Did it its sinfulness deplore
With heart-felt penitence ?

For rescue from eternal pain
Did it on Christ alone rely ?
And hope through Him alone to gain
A diadem on high ?

Did it the Saviour's image shew,
As the blue deep, when falls the storm,
And peacefully its waters flow,
Displays the star's bright form ?

Was it enabled to despise
The highest pleasures earth can yield,
And thirst for those celestial joys
The Gospel has revealed ?

Did it with holy scorn look down
On the vain honours worldlings love,
And toil with ardour for the crown
That ever beams above ?

Then mourn not though yon members be
Insensate as the valley's clod ;
The spirit, from its prison free,
Is now aloft with God.

Joined with the spirits of the just,
To it the crown of life is given ;
The dust alone returns to dust,
The spirit is in heaven.

Another toll ! the mournful sound
Again is wafted through the air,
And seems to say to all around,
“ Mortals for death prepare.”

The awful hour when ye shall die
Angels themselves cannot declare;
Perhaps 'tis that now gliding by,
“Mortals for death prepare.”

EVENING.



EVENING, thine hour has ever been
To me a season of delight;
Not only when thy planet, seen
Gliding athwart a sky serene,
Has ushered in the night;

And from the wood each sound has fled,
Save philomel's protracted lay,
And o'er the ocean's level bed
The slowly rising moon has shed
Her soft and trembling ray;

But also when the tempest's cloud
Has veiled the whole cerulean sky
Beneath its broad and sable shroud,
And, in the waving forest, loud
Has been the wind's wild sigh;

And foaming floods, descending o'er
The mist-encircled mountain's side,
Have joined their murmurs with the roar
Of ocean, hurling on the shore
Its ruffled storm-swept tide.

L I N E S

ON VIEWING

THE NUNNERY NEAR DOUGLAS,

IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

SOON, rising from yon azure wave,
The moon shall climb the eastern skies,
Bright as the saint when from his grave
The judgment trump shall bid him rise :
Even now begins the silvery beam
To tremble on Saint Mary's stream.

How sweet at this still hour to rove,
And by the moon's soft light to view
The foliage of that dusky grove,
The water of that streamlet blue,
The ivy robe which age has thrown
On yonder chapel's mouldering stone.

Time was when, at this lonely hour,
Reminded by the vesper bell,
That sounded from yon chapel's tower,
The self-sequestering maid would tell,
With awful look and bended knee,
Her often numbered rosary.

Ages there were when in this land
The demon Superstition reigned,
When all were swayed by his command,
When all, obedient to the fiend,
Yielded to sculptured wood and stone
The honour due to God alone.

Then from the wretched layman's eye
The sacred volume was concealed ;
The glass through which the realms of joy
To man's dim vision are revealed ;
The chart by which he steers his way
Through life's dark wave to endless day.

Then strove the people of the Isle
Heaven's awful anger to assuage,
By fasts, by vigils, by the toil
Of long and lonely pilgrimage,
Heedless of Him whose blood alone
For man's transgression can atone.

That time has fled ! no longer here
Do men to Superstition bow ;
His gorgeous shrines no more appear,
And vanished are his idols now,
Like the gay visions of the night,
When glows the east with morning's light.

Within this convent's mouldering walls
The fitting bat a dwelling finds ;
The dreary shower unhindered falls,
And sadly sound the rushing winds,
Seeming in every gust to say,
" Thou, too, O man, shalt pass away."

But whence this revolution ? whence
 The fallen demon's overthrow ?
 The Bible, under Providence,
 The Bible laid the monster low :
 Scared by that lamp's unmantled ray,
 The hideous tyrant prostrate lay.

Let none the Bible's God defy,
 Nor from its pages man debar ;
 Let it be seen by every eye,
 As yon bright moon or argent star,
 Spread like the wave, the light, the air !
 Let the whole world the treasure share.

Let all the precious book possess,
 Its heavenly pages all explore,
 Learn thence their nature's sinfulness,
 Repent, believe, and sin no more ;
 Walk in the path that all have trod
 Who sleep in Christ, who dwell with God.

Then hope shall make each mourner smile,
And peace each sufferer's mind possess ;
The world no longer shall we style
A waste and howling wilderness ;
No longer Adam's fall deplore,
Eden shall bloom on earth once more.

Then praise shall dwell on every tongue,
From every heart thanksgiving flow,
Songs in the distant stars be sung,
Remotest worlds with rapture glow,
Archangels strike their harps on high,
And heaven's bright legions shout for joy.

"LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS, AND
LET MY LAST END BE LIKE HIS."

STUNNED by the tempest's awful roar,
And sprinkled by the billow's foam,
How longs the mariner for shore !
How pants his anxious breast for home !

And when at length that home is near,
When to his view, its mountains steep,
High o'er the azure wave appear,
Mantling with shade the ambient deep ;

How thrills his bosom with delight !
How beams with rapture's glow his eye !
His cares have fled, like dreams, when night
Has rolled her viewless chariot by.

Thus, on life's tide, when storms of woe
 Around the heavenward pilgrim rave;
 When death constrains his tears to flow
 O'er parent's, child's, or partner's grave;

When friends are numbered with the dead,
 When fortune fails, when foes annoy;
 When want invades, when health has fled,
 When sin and Satan would destroy;

How does he long to be above,
 Where evils never can molest!
 To have the wings that waft the dove,
 And flee away and be at rest!

And oh! when he perceives at hand
 That hour, when through the pathless sky
 Angels shall bear aloft and land
 His spirit in the realms of joy;

That hour at hand which others find
So full of horror and despair;
The joy which then pervades his mind,
What human language can declare !

“ Death,” he exclaims, “ to me what gain !
Let unbelievers fear to die ;
I have not served my God in vain ;
Great, great is my reward on high.

Even now do I, by faith, behold
The treasures I shall there possess ;
The victor’s palm, the harp of gold,
The diadem of righteousness.

To me, the blessings there enjoyed,
Vile as I am, shall all be given ;
The Saviour for the vilest died—
Died, that even I might live in heaven. .

On His atonement I depend,
I trust in Him, in Him alone;
Hasten, ye angels, to ascend,
And waft me to his radiant throne.

Hasten the time when I shall wear
The crown his blood procured for me:
Stern Death! where is thy sting? and where,
Remorseless Grave! thy victory?

Farewell! farewell! thou life of woe,
Thy thorny path I now have trod,
And on the wings of angels go
To rest, to bliss, to heaven, to God."

Hushed is his voice, his soul has fled,
No more to suffer sin or strive;
The passing bell declares him dead,
Heaven's harps proclaim him now alive.

THOU ART NEAR.

WHETHER along the mountain bare,
Or through the pathless wild I stray,
Or o'er the lonely strand, or where
The forest's shade excludes the day,
May I, though none around appear,
Remember, Lord, that Thou art near !

Nor only mid the blaze of light,
When human eyes are turned on me,
But when concealed in darkest night,
When severed from society,
To break thy laws still may I fear,
Remembering, Lord, that Thou art near !

And when the world around I view
 This dark wild scene of crimes and woes,
 And when I think my friends how few,
 How many and how great my foes,
 Oh ! may it then my bosom cheer,
 To know, my God, that thou art near !

And oh ! should those who love me roam
 The wide blue waste of waters o'er,
 Or travel to that long last home
 Whence traveller shall return no more,
 Hushed be each sigh, restrained each tear,
 When I remember Thou art near.

In this dark valley, severed far
 From the dim ken of mortal eye,
 Unseen Thou art, as is the star,
 When gathering clouds invest the sky :
 By me, by all who sojourn here,
 Thou art unseen, though Thou art near.

But yet another land I know,
From this drear region far apart,
Where Thou, unveiled, Thyself dost shew,
And angels see thee as thou art :
Ere long, oh ! may I there appear,
And see thee, Lord, for ever near !

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

FAR from this world of danger and distress,
This vale of tears, this frowning wilderness,
Thy soul at length has winged her happy flight
To the blessed mansions of the saints in light.
For those bright scenes it still had been thy care,
From earliest youth, that spirit to prepare :
Formed like the soul that was in Christ, thy mind
Was humble, patient, evermore resigned.
Though pain severe assailed thy languid frame,
Though none but strangers to thy chamber came,
Though fell disease, when it invaded thee,
Was joined with loneliness and penury,
Thy acquiescent mind was still at rest,
Impatience found no access to thy breast :

From the wild tempest's tumult not more free
The silver bosom of the tranquil sea,
When slumbering winds profoundest stillness keep,
And not a zephyr breathes upon the deep.
Oh ! may our end be peaceful as was thine,
And be it ours at length with thee to join
In the high pleasures of that scene of joy,
Where every tear is wiped from every eye,
And those who most have felt affliction's rod
Are stationed nearest to the throne of God.

REMEMBER ME.

WHEN Satan tempts, when hell's dark powers assail,
Ruthless and mighty as the awful gale
That whelms the bark amid the troubled wave,
Remember, Lord, to shield, to help, to save.

When earth's inconstant blessings flee away,
When friends desert, when youth and health decay,
Remember then this aching breast to cheer,
Hush every sigh, and banish every tear.

And when upon the bed of death I lie,
When all around is fading from my eye,
When the red wave of life is ebbing fast,
And every languid pulse is deemed the last;

In that sad hour, when hope's last ray expires,
And each fond friend in mute despair retires,
Then let me find a present help in Thee ;
In that dread season, Lord, remember me.

When from his place yon radiant sun shall fly,
And moon and stars desert the turbid sky,
Earth's loftiest mountains from their base be hurled,
And ruin triumph o'er a dying world ;

When the shrill trump proclaims the judgment near,
And all before thy judgment-seat appear,
And some, convulsed, with horror gaze on Thee,
Then, Lord, remember, then remember me.

Look down, O Lord, look down with pitying eye ;
Receive my prayer, and hearken to my cry :
In life, in death, throughout eternity,
Thou all redeeming Lord ! remember me.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WOES.

THE Christian's heaviest woes are light,
Compared with what, mid endless night,
They who endure eternal pain,
The spirits of the lost, sustain.

The Christian's woes are transient too,
Like morning cloud, like early dew ;
Brief is the life to all decreed ;
His ended, endless joys succeed.

The Christian's woes are sanctified,
Are means by pitying Heaven employed
To fit his spirit to enjoy
The bliss prepared for it on high.

They who on earth have suffered most,
In heaven possess the loftiest post ;
They strike the sweetest harp, and wear
The brightest crown that glitters there.

Never let Christians then complain,
But meekly every woe sustain ;
Be thankful, let what will befall,
And bless a gracious God for all.

THE DEAD WHO IN THE SAVIOUR
DIE.

WELL may we style believers blest,
Who, dwelling with their Lord on high,
From all their earthly labours rest—
The dead who in the Saviour die.

Far, far removed from all their foes,
From all that would their peace destroy,
How deep, how lasting the repose
Of them who in the Saviour die!

Pure as the flowers of Eden's soil,
Pure as the stars that glow on high,
Sin never shall again defile
The dead who in the Saviour die.

How loud their harps' unceasing sound !
How rapturous their songs of joy !
What oceans of delight surround
The dead who in the Saviour die !

Converted by His power divine,
On Him alone may we rely ;
So shall it yet be ours to join
The dead who in the Saviour die.

THE RAINBOW.

DARK floats the cloud aloft suspended,
Dark the ocean rolls below :
But see ! athwart the mist extended,
Shines at length the radiant bow.

The gentle zephyr now is blowing,
Swift the clouds before it fly ;
The Iris is no longer glowing,
It has vanished from the sky.

Thus does Religion oft, when hover
Sorrow's clouds, her light display ;
But ah ! how fast, the gloom once over,
Fades the heavenly light away.

MAN IS BORN TO DIE.

WHAT though amid the landscape we discern
 Nor marble sepulchre nor moss-clad cairn;
 Yet may we not, from all we gaze on, learn
 That man is born to die?

Does not yon restless deep, where'er its wave,
 Retreating, ceases the lone strand to leave,
 Proclaim that man is hastening to the grave,
 That man is born to die?

Do we not learn this from yon orb of day?
 Surely, where'er it shrouds its fading ray,
 Behind those western hills, it seems to say,
 That man is born to die.

We learn from evening's dim and lonely hour,
 From every withering herb and fading flower,
 From every falling leaf and naked bower;

That man is born to die.

We learn this from the moon's decreasing flame;
 The waning planet warns us of the same;
 All things beneath, around, above, proclaim

That man is born to die.

How strange, with such memorials of their lot,
 That death by mortals e'er should be forgot,
 That we, thus warned, should yet remember not

That man is born to die!

O Thou who hast ordained the awful doom,
 Make me remember the approaching tomb;
 And may it prove to me no source of gloom,

That man is born to die.

May I for my removal so prepare,
That death to paradise my soul may bear,
And I rejoice, with countless myriads there,
That man is born to die.

IT IS NOT THUS ON HIGH.



THROUGHOUT this wilderness,
Where can the spot be found
Where fallen man doth not transgress,
Where sin doth not abound ?

Not so beyond the sky ;
No sin shall ever sear
The paradise that blooms on high ;
All, all are sinless there.

This is a world of woe ;
Misfortunes here assail,
Unnumbered as the waves that flow
Before the rushing gale.

Not such the world on high ;
There, none are doomed to bear
The troubles which on earth annoy ;
All, all are happy there.

Here, man is travelling still
Down to the dreary grave,
As from its source the mountain rill
To join the ocean wave.

It is not thus on high,
Thence Death shall never tear ;
All dwelling there his power defy,
All are immortal there.

GO AND SIN NO MORE.

THINK, sinner, of the endless pain,
Which, this short life once o'er,
Sin's wretched victims shall sustain,
Oh think, and sin no more.

Think of the pangs which, when below,
The suffering Saviour bore;
Sin was the source of all his woe,
Oh think, and sin no more.

Think how he left the world above,
Where angel hosts adore;
Think how he died, unrivalled love!
Oh think, and sin no more.

Believe on Him, His saving aid
With ceaseless prayer implore ;
And when temptation's storms invade,
Resist, and sin no more.

Thus passing life's tempestuous tide,
Thou soon shalt reach the shore,
Where ever-blooming joys abide,
And saints shall sin no more.

“ WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL? AND WHY
ART THOU SO DISQUIETED WITHIN ME?”

AH ! why should grief so rend,
O saint, thine anxious breast ?
God is thy Father, Christ thy Friend ;
Believe, and be at rest.

What though affliction's night
Shed o'er thy path its gloom,
Mourn not—an everlasting light
Prevails beyond the tomb.

Doth guilt thy bosom pain ?
Oh think of Calvary,
For there the Lamb of God was slain,
The Saviour died for thee.

Doth dread of death assail ?

Far from thee be it driven ;

Gloomy, indeed, is death's dark vale,

But oh ! it ends in heaven.

WRITTEN FOR A CHILD,

DECEMBER 31, 1824.

TIME with unwearied pinion flies,
And never-ceasing motion ;
Swift as the wave when the tempest sighs
On the face of the foaming ocean.

Before another morning's ray
Has from the deep ascended,
A wave of time will have rolled away,
Another year will have ended.

As short as hath been its career,
How many health enjoying,
When first came forth the departing year,
Are now in the cold grave lying.

As many, as unnumbered these,
As waves the lone beach laving,
Or withering leaflets torn from the trees,
When autumnal storms are raving.

How often, since the year began,
Has youth, by death invaded,
Been seen like the snow of winter wan,
Like the flower of autumn faded !

From the grey tower, with many a cell
And monument surrounded,
How oft have I heard the dreary knell
For the young—the infant, sounded.

Though few the years yet spent by me
In this dark world of sorrow,
Ah ! who can foretell that I shall see
The sun that will gild to-morrow ?

For me the death-bell then may toll,
And friends for me be mourning ;
Removed from its house of clay, my soul
May be here no more sojourning.

Then let me seek, without delay,
To be through Christ forgiven ;
Thus the dread summons, come when it may,
Will find me prepared for heaven.

L I N E S

WRITTEN NEAR

THE GRAVE OF AN INFANT.

DEAR innocent ! how soon didst thou
Far from this world of trouble fly !
How short thy sufferings here, and, now,
How lasting thy repose on high !

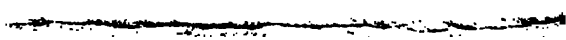
Where thou art lodged, no foes assail,
No woes distress, no sins enslave ;
Why then should we thy lot bewail,
Or gaze with anguish on thy grave ?

How peacefully thy spirit fled !
To thee how calm a death was given !
We scarcely knew that thou wast dead,
When angels welcomed thee in heaven.

So flies the zephyr's softest breath,
So flows the streamlet's smoothest wave ;
Why then should we bewail thy death,
Or gaze with anguish on thy grave ?

Angels are hovering near yon tomb,
A floweret lies beneath that sod,
Which, though decayed, again shall bloom
Amid the paradise of God.

To other graves let grief repair,
O'er other tombs let sorrow rave,
An innocent reposes there,
That marble marks an angel's grave.



ODE TO DEATH.



APPALLING power! whom none hath e'er withstood,
Whom none of all our race shall e'er withstand,
Resistless as the river's wintry flood
Diffusing desolation o'er the land,
Resistless as the wave which on the strand
The ocean-storm with ceaseless fury throws,
Invaded once by thy unsparing hand,
The strongest fall, as falls the fading rose
When through the stormy air the blast of autumn blows.

Thine awful form methinks I can descry,
With clouds of gloomiest hue around it rolled,
Seen dim like distant rock by seaman's eye,
When midnight's shadow doth the deep enfold;
Thus, dreadful spectre, I thy form behold.

Those features, ah, how stern ! that face how pale !
 And now what do I hear ? my blood runs cold !
 It is thy voice, which murmurs like the wail
 Of some vast wood, convulsed by winter's wildest gale.

The scene around thee, too, methinks I see
 Reft of each charm, lone, bleak, and verdureless ;
 Though fair as Eden, yet, once trod by thee,
 The soil becomes a frowning wilderness ;
 For ruin reigns wher'er thy footsteps press.
 At thy approach how bloom and beauty fly !
 The forest loses all its verdant dress,
 The flowers that had ere while so charmed the eye,
 Torn from their trembling stems, in dust unheeded lie.

I see thee, ruthless monster ! pitying none,
 But aiming still at all thy dreaded blow,
 Removing from our view, not him alone
 Whose head is covered o'er with age's snow,
 But laying oft the youth and infant low,

Who, scarcely seen, do vanish out of sight,
 As from the watery cloud the transient bow,
 Or, from the gloomy atmosphere of night,
 The meteor's short-lived fire, and soon decaying light.

What tears were lately for thy victims shed !¹⁰
 But not upon the corpse, nor o'er the bier ;
 When from its frail abode the spirit fled,
 Home was remote, no friends, no kindred near,
 No man of God with holy words to cheer :
 The roar of waves, the wind's unceasing sigh,
 Was all thy dying multitude could hear :
 Now, far sequestered from affection's eye,
 Deep in their wave-walled tomb these hapless travellers lie.

Thou heedest not, fell power ! the misery
 Of orphans, widows, parents left behind ;
 But He beholds it with compassion, He
 Who still can heal the lacerated mind,
 Even He in whom the friendless still may find

A Friend who never, never will remove ;
Who calms the wave, and walks upon the wind ;
Who reigns amid adoring hosts above,
Clothed with resistless might, possessed of boundless love.

And know, stern tyrant ! powerful as thou art,
Thy fell dominion yet shall have an end ;
A time will come when He shall crush thy dart,
And from thy icy hand the sceptre rend ;
And they who savingly on Him depend,
Fearless even now the gloomy valley see,
Into its dreary shade with joy descend,
And, while descending, tyrant ! say to thee,
“ Where is thy sting, O Death ! and where thy victory ! ”

ON THE YEAR 1815.



FLEET as the cloud before the blast,
Another transient year has passed ;
Another comes, perhaps the last
We ever shall enjoy :
The youngest, ere the present year
Shall have completed its career,
May cease to be sojourners here,
In death's lone cave may lie.

The grass may flourish and display
The emerald's hue at break of day,
Yet long before the solar ray
Have reached its evening bound,



Long ere it gild the western deep,
The scythe athwart that grass may sweep,
And, where it bloomed, a withering heap
May there alone be found.

The flower, with brightest tints arrayed,
Before another hour may fade,
And in the dust its stem be laid,
Crushed by the wrathful storm :
Thus suddenly may mortals fall,
Death's summons is addressed to all,
And they who hear the solemn call
Must instantly conform.

Oh ! be it our immediate care
To seek, by fervent, constant prayer,
The promised grace of God to share,
That, so prepared to die,
Whenever we are called away,
Though clay unite with kindred clay,

Our souls may mount to cloudless day,
To never fading joy.

Another year hath sped its course,
Swift as the torrent from its source
Descending with resistless force
Down to its ocean bed :
Full many a joy we saw it end,
Full many a dear, a bosom friend,
Saw it from heart-sick mourner rend,
And number with the dead.

Let but a few more years arrive,
And all the friends who yet survive
Will leave us friendless, here to strive
With life's unnumbered woes ;
Like trees when all their leaves are cast,
Their branches struggling with the blast,
Which, when gay summer's reign has passed,
Athwart the forest blows.

What ! friendless did I say they leave ?
Can time of every friend bereave ?
The grave's dark chamber all receive ?
Ah ! heedless was the word !
No, there is One who never dies,
Whose presence fills the earth and skies,
Who makes alive and who destroys,
Of life and death the Lord.

The earth is doomed to pass away,
The stars, the moon, the orb of day,
All, all are destined to decay,
But He shall still abide :
He ever lives, He still is nigh,
Friendless none are, though friends may die ;
His presence amply can supply
The loss of all beside.

Another year has reached its close,
Another has arrived ; so flows

Surge fast succeeding surge, when blows
The storm o'er ocean's breast :
Another year begins, a thought
To heavenward travellers comfort-fraught,
That so much nearer they are brought
To their eternal rest.

When, drenched by midnight's dreary shower,
The shivering centinel hears the hour
Chimed by the clock on neighbouring tower,
How bounds his heart with joy !
Not less does each commencing year
The Christian's wearied spirit cheer,
Declaring him so much more near
His rest, his home on high :

That world where crowns by all are worn,
Where none shall ever toil or mourn,
That world to which, by angels borne,
The souls of saints shall soar.

Blessed realms ! what language can declare,
What mind conceive, the bliss which there
The Christian shall with seraphs share,
When time shall be no more.

ALBION.

HAIL, peerless island ! empress of the wave !
Land of the free, and refuge of the slave !
Home of the stranger, Pharos of the world !
Shedding, where'er thy flag has been unfurled,
The light which gilds affliction's deepest gloom,
And guides to endless bliss beyond the tomb.
Though other realms that heavenly gift supply,
The light diffused by them no more may vie
With what, illustrious island, flows from thee,
Than the small river with the mighty sea,
Or the pale moonlight, or the star's dim ray,
With the bright beam which from the orb of day
Rushes athwart the world, and scares the night away.

Long as thy rocky girdle shall sustain
The bounding billow of the ambient main,
May He who reigns on high thy people bless
With peace, with freedom, and with righteousness.
And oh ! do Thou be still the heathen's friend,
The Bible scatter, and the mission send,
Till every isle that towers o'er ocean's breast
Has heard the Saviour's name, his name has blessed ;
Till all the kingdoms of the world shall own
That Jesus sits on heaven's eternal throne,
That He is Lord of all, that he is God alone.



NOTES.

Note 1, page 1, line 3.—Toute la costé de la montagne est creusée d'une infinité de sepulchres des anciens Juifs, qui sont taillés comme des fours dans la roche; et plus bas, dans le fonds de la vallée, sont les sépultures de ceux, de cette nation, qui vivent à present en Jerusalem; qui ne sont autre chose que des fosses, comme les nostres, couvertes d'une, deux, ou trois, pierres, mal polies et sans ornement.—*Doubdan, Voyage de la T. S. p. 130. Paris, 1657.*—Cited by Dr. Clarke. *Travels*, vol. 2.

Note 2, ditto, ditto.—It is truly a curious and interesting fact, that, during a period of little more than two thousand years, Hebrews, Assyrians, Romans, Moslems, and Christians, have been successively in possession of the rocky mountains of Palestine; yet the olive still vindicates its paternal soil, and is found, at this day, upon the same spot which was called, by the Hebrew writers, "*Mount Olivet*," and "*the Mount of Olives*," eleven centuries before the Christian æra.—*Dr. Clarke's Travels*, vol. 2.

There are very few remains of the city, either as it was in our Saviour's time, or as it was afterwards rebuilt by Hadrian, *scarce one stone being left upon another, which hath not been thrown down.*—*Dr. Shaw's Travels*, vol. 1. p. 38.

Note 3, page 3, line 8.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, a heathen, who lived in those very times, gives us the story thus: That *Julian* endeavoured to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem with vast expenses, and gave it in charge to *Alypius*, of Antioch, to hasten the work, and to the Rector of the Province to assist him in it; in which work, when *Alypius* was earnestly employed, and the Rector of the Province was assisting, terrible balls of flame bursting forth near the foundations, with frequent insults, and burning divers times the workmen, rendered the place inaccessible; and thus the fire obstinately repelling them, the work ceased.* The story is very signal, and remarkable from many circumstances, as *e. g.*

1. The persons that relate it: *Ammianus Marcellinus*, a heathen, *Zemuch David*, a Jew, who confessed that *Julian* was divinitus impeditus, hindered by God, in this attempt: *Nazianzen* and *Chrysostom* among the Greeks, *St. Ambrose* and *Ruffinus* among the Latins, who flourished at the very time this was done: *Theodoret* and *Sozomen*, orthodox historians; *Philostorgius*, an Arian; *Socrates*, a favourer of the Novatians, who writ the story within the space of fifty years after the thing was done, and whilst the eye-witnesses of the fact were yet surviving.

* *Ambitionum quoddam Templum apud Hierosolymam sumptibus immodicis instaurare cogitabat, negotiumque maturandum Alypio dederat Antiochensi, cum illaque rei idem fortiter instaret Alypius, juvaretque Provinciæ Rector metuendæ globi flammarum prope fundamenta crebris insultibus erumpentes, locum, exustis aliquoties operantibus, inaccessum fecere, hocque modo elemento obstinatus repellente, cessavit inceptum.*—L. 23, ab initio.

2. The time when it was performed, not in the reign of *Christian Emperors*, but of the most bitter enemies of *Christians*, when they were forced to hide, and had not liberty of speaking for themselves. Observe,

3. With what confidence the *Christians* urge this matter of fact against the *Jews*, as a convincing demonstration of the expiration of their legal worship, and of the certainty of the *Christian* faith, against the *heathen philosophers*, enquiring *what the wise men of the world can say to these things*, and against the *Emperor Theodosius*, to deter him from requiring them to rebuild a *synagogue* which had been lately burnt by a *Christian Bishop*.

4. And lastly, the unquestionable evidence of the thing: This, say the *Christians*, *all men freely do believe and speak of; 'tis in the mouths of all men*, and is not denied, *even by the Atheists themselves*; and if it seem yet incredible to any one, *he may repair for the truth of it both to witnesses of it yet living, and to them who have heard it from their mouths*; yea, *they may view the foundations lying still bare and naked*; and if you ask the reason, *you will meet with no other account besides that which I have given*; and of this all we *Christians* are witnesses, *these things being done not long since in our own time*. So *St. Chrysostom.—Dr. Whitby's Paraphrase and Commentary on the New Testament, General Preface, p. xxviii.*

Note 4, page 14, line 17.—When Urban II. saw the way prepared, by the exhortations of the Hermit, who had put the spirits of the people every where in a ferment, and had kindled in their breasts a vehement zeal for that holy carnage which the church had been so long

meditating, he assembled a grand and numerous Council at *Placentia*, A. D. 1095, and recommended warmly, for the first time, the sacred expedition against the infidel Saracens. This arduous enterprize was far from being approved by the greatest part of this numerous assembly, notwithstanding the presence of the Emperor's Legates, who, in their master's name, represented most pathetically how necessary it was to set limits to the power of the victorious Turks, whose authority and dominion increased from day to day. The Pontiff's proposal was, however, renewed with the same zeal, and with the desired success, some time after this, in the Council assembled at *Clermont*, when Urban was present. The pompous and pathetic speech which he delivered upon this occasion, made a deep and powerful impression upon the minds of the French, whose natural character renders them much superior to the Italians in encountering difficulties, facing danger, and attempting the execution of the most perilous designs: so that an innumerable multitude, composed of all ranks and orders in the nation, offered themselves as volunteers in this sacred expedition.—*Mosheim, Cen. xi. Part i. c. 5.*

When the Pope ascended a lofty scaffold in the market-place of *Clermont*, his eloquence was addressed to a well-prepared and impatient audience. His topics were obvious, his exhortation was vehement, his success inevitable. The orator was interrupted by the shout of thousands, who with one voice, and in their rustic idiom, exclaimed aloud, "God wills it, God wills it." "It is indeed the will of God," repeated the Pope; "and let this memorable word, the inspiration surely of the Holy Spirit, be for ever adopted as your cry of battle, to animate the devotion and courage of the

champions of Christ. His cross is the symbol of your salvation ; wear it, a red and bloody cross, as an external mark, on your breasts or shoulders, as a pledge of your sacred and irrevocable engagement."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of Rom. Emp.* ch. 58.

Note 5, page 58, line 19.—Though the revenues of the bishopric at that period are said not to have exceeded £300. per annum in money, yet, in the hands of frugality and charity, they were found sufficient for every purpose. The wants of the poor were principally supplied out of the produce of the demesne. The fleece and the sheaf were in a state of constant requisition, and the most effectual means were adopted for multiplying both. As the Bishop had a poor's drawer in his bureau for the reception of all monies dedicated to charitable uses, so he had a poor's chest in his barn, for the reception of corn and meal, designed for the relief of the indigent. This chest he was in the habit of frequently inspecting, that he might be satisfied it was filled even up to the brim. At a season of unusual scarcity in the island, when, according to custom, he was inspecting the poor man's depository, he found it almost empty, whilst the family chest was abundantly supplied. He expressed great displeasure on the occasion, and gave a strict charge to the steward of his house, that whoever were neglected, the poor should not. He regarded the claims of the poor as sacred, and made provision for every species of want and distress. When corn was measured for the poor, he gave express orders to his steward not to stroke it, as usual, but to give heaped measure. He often conversed with the objects of charity who applied for relief, and minutely enquired into the circumstances

of their case. One day a pauper, who had a large family, calling at Bishop's Court, was asked by the Bishop how he contrived to get food for his children. "May it please your Lordship," says he, "I go round with my bag from house to house, and generally get a herring from each housekeeper. This is our food; and as to drink, we quench our thirst at the nearest stream of water." "Poor man!" says the Bishop, "that is hard fare; but mind you call here whenever you pass this way, and you shall get your bag filled." Many a bag was filled, and many a family sustained, by provisions from the stores of this generous friend of the poor.

A more interesting spectacle could scarcely have been exhibited to the eye of the philanthropist, than the Bishop's demesne presented. There he might have seen manufactories of different kinds, carried on with greater energy and activity than any prospect of secular advantage could have produced. Benevolence gave motion to the wheels, and charity guided every operation. Days of patriarchal simplicity seemed to have returned. The materials required in manufacturing garments for the poor, were procured in exchange for the produce of the demesne. Artisans of different kinds were busily employed in manufacturing these materials. The poor's wardrobe was kept always supplied with garments of every size, suited to every sex and age. The poor who could weave or spin, repaired to Bishop's Court with their webs, their yarn, and worsted, as to a general mart, where they bartered their different articles for corn. This traffic of charity was regularly carried on. Every species of distress found relief at Bishop's Court. Whether the hungry or naked applied, their

claims were sure to be considered, and liberally answered. The attention of this real friend to the poor, extended to the minutest circumstances of their condition. He was in the habit of purchasing an assortment of spectacles, and distributing them amongst the aged poor, whose eye-sight began to fail, that such of them as could read, might read their Bible by means of this seasonable aid, and that such of them as could not, might, as their kind benefactor expressed it, use these glasses "to help them to thread a needle to mend their cloaths." Imagination can scarcely picture a more pleasing and interesting scene than that which presents the pious and venerable Bishop Wilson distributing spectacles amongst a crowd of aged poor for such purposes as these. He considered no condescension too great, when there was a prospect of doing good.—*Stowell's Life of Bp. Wilson.*

Note 6, p. 56, line 18.—He was a constant and earnest preacher. During his residence in the Isle of Man, for fifty-eight years, he regularly, on every Sunday throughout the year, when not prevented by sickness, either preached, expounded the Scriptures, offered up prayer in public, or bore some part in the solemn ministrations of the day. He would frequently ride to the most distant parishes of his diocese on the morning of the Sabbath, unexpectedly join the great congregation, and proclaim amongst them "the glad tidings of salvation." These unexpected visits gave him an opportunity of observing how the house of prayer was attended, and of marking the behaviour both of minister and people in their solemn assemblies. Far from regarding his eminent station in the church as affording an

exemption from pastoral labour, he considered it as an imperious call to double diligence, and more abundant exertions.—*Ib.*

Note 7, p. 57, line 5.—In the year 1719, Mrs. Horne, the Governor's wife, accused Mrs. Puller, a widow lady of irreproachable character, of carrying on a criminal correspondence with Sir James Poole. In consequence of this charge, Archdeacon Horribin, who was chaplain to the Governor, expelled Mrs. Puller from the Lord's table. This serious attack on her character, constrained her to have recourse to the Bishop for redress. In conformity to the requisitions of the ecclesiastical constitutions of the island, she and Sir James Poole protested their innocence, by a solemn oath before the Bishop, with compurgators of unquestionable veracity, who testified, as the law of the land required, that they believed the persons accused to be altogether free from the crime laid to their charge; and no evidence being produced to prove the contrary, the Bishop pronounced their acquittal, and proceeded to censure their accuser.

Mrs. Horne was sentenced to retract the vile calumny which she had uttered, and to ask pardon of the persons whose character she had aspersed. With this sentence she refused to comply, and treated the constitutions and discipline of the Church with utter contempt. The slanderer is a compound of pride, envy, and malevolence, and is reclaimed with more difficulty than most other offenders. Divine grace must change the heart, before the tongue can be effectually restrained.

The Bishop, who did all things without partiality, could not suffer the laws of the Church to be violated with impunity. The rank of the offender did not deter

him from pronouncing the usual sentence. Accordingly, Mrs. Horne was not permitted to approach the Lord's table, till she would acknowledge her fault, and make the reparation required. The Bishop's conduct on this occasion manifests an inflexibility of principle, and a firmness of character, which are highly respectable. The path of duty was, in this instance, beset with formidable obstacles, and numerous difficulties. To have a difference with the civil magistrate, whom he regarded as the ordinance of God, and whom he was ready implicitly to obey in all things lawful, was a trial of no ordinary nature. This trial was rendered more severe, as he had hitherto maintained a friendly intercourse with the Governor and his family, and often entertained them under his hospitable roof. No consideration, however, could induce him to violate his conscience. He was resolutely determined to discharge his duty, whatever the consequences might be. He could not, therefore, be prevailed on to alter the sentence which he had pronounced on Mrs. Horne; and when the temporizing Archdeacon Horribin, in direct opposition to this sentence, admitted the offender to the Lord's Supper, he was suspended for contumacy and a breach of canonical obedience. The Bishop was ever ready to pardon any offence committed against himself, though it were repeated "seven times a day;" but a violation of the laws and order of the Church, he could not suffer to pass with impunity. The Archdeacon, who, like Diotrophes, "loved to have the pre-eminence," received the sentence with indignation, and regarded it as a tyrannical and arbitrary proceeding. He resolved to appeal from the Bishop's judgment; but instead of applying for redress to the Metropolitan of the diocese

the lawful and constituted judge in all matters of this nature, he had recourse to the civil magistrate. Here the judge and party were nearly one and the same person. Governor Horne, under pretence that the Bishop had acted illegally, in suspending the Archdeacon, most iniquitously and presumptuously sentenced him to pay a fine of fifty pounds, and his two Chancellors, or Vicars-General, the Rev. Dr. Walker and the Rev. John Curghey, who had been officially concerned in the suspension, were sentenced to pay twenty pounds each. To this unjust and arbitrary decree, they unanimously refused to submit; in consequence of which, the Governor sent a party of soldiers, on the 29th of June, 1722, and committed them to Castle Ruahen prison.

The Bishop and his Vicars-General were closely confined, and treated like felons. The horrors of a prison were greatly aggravated by the unprecedented severity of Governor Horne, who gave strict charge to the jailors to treat them with every mark of contumely, and admit no person within the walls of their prison, to see them, or converse with them. Bishop Wilson possessed a mind not to be intimidated by menaces, subdued by sufferings, or changed by oppression. "God had not given him the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." His maxim was,

"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito."

He was afraid to sin, but not to suffer. In all circumstances, his heart was "fixed, trusting in the Lord." He possessed what neither chains nor imprisonment could take away, "the love of God shed abroad in his heart," with the animating hope of never-ending joy. He was resolutely determined to follow the guidance

of his conscience, though it should lead him to poverty, to prison, or to death. He considered no sacrifice too great to make for conscience sake, and "regarded not his life as dear to him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus.

Bishop's Court for a time was converted into a house of mourning. "Want and age" no longer "sate smiling at the gate." The involuntary tear started into the eye of the traveller as he passed along, and recollected where the master of the hospitable mansion was immured. Many earnest supplications were offered up for his release. "Prayer was made without ceasing unto God for him," during the time of his imprisonment. The scene through which he was called to pass was unquestionably painful to flesh and blood. The transition from his palace to a damp and dreary prison, from the diversified occupations of his study to the unvaried gloom of a jail, and from the active and delightful employments of charity to the confinement which he now experienced, must have been deeply piercing; but God was with him. His oppressors might deprive him of the society of earthly friends, but they could not deprive him of the society of that "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother," who maketh "light to arise in darkness," who giveth quietness in the midst of trouble, comfort in affliction, and joy in grief. The Bishop fully experienced that "Christ's prison is better than the world's paradise," and that privations in the way of duty are converted into sources of enjoyment. He who "knoweth whereof we are made," and who hath access to the soul by ten thousand avenues, stands in no need of external instruments to fill the spirit of man with

“joy unspeakable and full of glory.” Where *He* is present, though every earthly comfort should be absent, the Christian may tune his harp to songs of thanksgiving. The power and majesty of the Most High are made manifest in the storm and tempest. The season of deep distress is the season when the Saviour delights to display his ability and willingness to save. When the raging billows and stormy winds threaten instant destruction, it is then he arises and rebukes the wind and the sea, and “suddenly there is a great calm.”—*Ib.*

Note 8, page 57, line 9.—His forgiveness of his persecutors was real and unfeigned; he prayed for them, he counselled them, and was ready to render them every service in his power. When one of the most inveterate of them, Mr. Rowe, the Comptroller, was confined in a spunging-house for debt, the Bishop kindly visited him, and treated him as a friend, administering such consolations as his circumstances required. Thus did he return “good for evil,” and exercise love towards his enemies.—*Ib.*

Note 9, page 58, line 18.—The light in which Bishop Wilson viewed the hour of his dissolution, and his devout preparations for that solemn hour, may be learnt from his meditations on the following passage of scripture.

John ix. 4. “The night cometh, wherein no man can work.” A very gracious intimation; Lord grant that I may never forget it, and that now, now is the time in which to provide for eternity. What a wise man, when he comes to die, would wish he had done, that he ought to do forthwith; for death is at hand, and the con-

sequences of a surprise must be dreadful. He will then wish, with all his soul, that he had faithfully discharged the duties of his calling; that he had weaned his affections from things temporal, and loosened the ties which fasten him to the world; that he had crucified the flesh, with its affections and lusts; and that, by a constant practice of devotion, preparatory to death, he had learned what to pray for, what to hope for, what to depend on in his last sickness. And this, gracious Lord, is what I wish for, and what I pray for, and what I purpose shall be the constant practice of my life. Behold, O God, a creature every moment liable to death prostrate before thee, begging, for Jesus' sake, that faith and repentance to which thou hast promised mercy and pardon. Discover to me, O thou Searcher of hearts, the charge that is against me, that I may know and confess, and bewail and abhor, and forsake all the evils I have been guilty of. And, O blessed Advocate, who art able to save them for ever who come unto God by thee, seeing thou ever livest to make intercession for us, I put my cause into thy hands. Let thy power defend me; let thy blood and merits plead for me—procure for me a full discharge of all my sins before I die; and by thy mighty grace confirm and strengthen me in all goodness during the remainder of my life, that my death may be a blessing to me, and that I may find mercy at the great day. Amen.” With such desires and prospects, death could not fail of being a blessing to him; as St. Austin well observes, “*Non potest male mori, qui bene vixerit.*”

Bishop Wilson stood like a pilgrim, with his staff in his hand, ready to depart. Whilst thus waiting for his summons, and in hourly expectation of going forth to

meet the bridegroom, he appeared more like an inhabitant of the world of glory, on which he was about to enter, than a sojourner in this vale of tears. His heart, his treasure, his conversation, were in heaven. A thin veil of flesh was all that separated him from the beatific vision. This slight partition was soon to be removed, and he was about to behold his Redeemer's face in glory. His last days were his best days. He was ripening fast for heaven. A candidate for the ministry, who at that time resided in his house, and continued with him till the "silver cord" of life was loosed, delighted to relate the scenes which he then witnessed. He used to tell, with joy in his countenance, of the benignity of the Bishop's behaviour, the heavenliness of his discourse, and the fervour of his prayers.

This student, who slept in a room adjoining the Bishop's bed-chamber, frequently overheard, at midnight, the orisons of the holy man. He could distinguish his whispering voice pouring forth supplications and thanksgivings to the great Preserver of men, who "never slumbers nor sleeps." Sometimes the words of the pious Psalmist were indistinctly heard, "I will arise at midnight, and give thanks unto thee. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name." Sometimes passages from the *Te Deum*, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth, heaven and earth are full of thy glory." Thus did God give his beloved servant "songs in the night," and prepare him to join "with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven," in ascribing "glory and honour and praise unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever."—*Ib.*

Note 10, page 130, line 5.—Allusion is here made to the numerous individuals lost in the *Lord Hill*, one of the packets plying between Liverpool and the Isle of Man. The above poem was written shortly after that unfortunate vessel, with all on board, had perished, and when a number of respectable families in the Isle of Man were, in consequence of that event, enduring the severest distress.

